The Farewell Party

Cursive

"The Farewell Party""Bon Voyage"
And promptly he hung up the phone
There was a doorbell ringing
So he snuck out onto the terrace
He said "If these were my last words,
would they even make print?
If all I had to say was simply over said
by those old heretics."
These words are counterfeit
Xeroxed off of memory
And no one's listening
HeyTwilight dawns
All the champagne is gone
All that's left is left behind
Doorbells, still lives"Since you're leaving
was it a hollowed out heart?
It seems like you've been yearning for some wordly position.
Somewhere you can curl up in a little ball."It seems the world collapses
In the mother's womb
The place of birth
Where we're all condemned
It's the warm, sad, jaded end
Starving for salvation of a terrace
Drunk, tired, and alone
Farewell dead skinThese words are second-hand
They're dry
They're cracked-plastic lies
They're cheap old whores
Who wasted their lives
In search of the warmest womb

Songwriters
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